

Genuine (Lucia Fex)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/21008297) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/21008297>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	Promare (2019)
Characters:	Lucia Fex , Galo Thymos , Ignis Ex , Varys Truss , Aina Ardebit
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of From Ash Anew
Stats:	Published: 2019-10-13 Words: 1,832 Chapters: 1/1

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by [primaryglitch](#)

Summary

Lucia knows herself, but struggles to find others who are willing to know her

For as long as she could remember, Lucia had been told she was special. It didn't take the genius in her to figure out that "special" just meant "different", or in other words a nuisance to adults and a weirdo to other kids. It was fine, she preferred her own company anyways. Other people would always just hold her back or try to change her. They didn't understand her, or rather they didn't try. When her parents asked why she did what she did- why did she bring home a bunch of broken electronics, why was she held up in her room or in the garage all the time, why did she take apart their computer, why did she make a mess of the car's engine- they never wanted to listen to what she had to say. They would let her speak, but her explanations fell on deaf ears. They would just tell to not do it again, but then when she asked why she shouldn't continue what she was doing they gave her no explanation and just repeated themselves. So in turn, she didn't listen. If they didn't have a good reason why she couldn't do what she wanted, then she saw no reason to stop. She didn't think that she was hurting anyone anyways, she was just improving what was already there- they just couldn't see it. The disconnect between them agitated both parties and lead to screaming matches then back to square one. It was rinse and repeat with everyone else. So eventually, she stopped trying to explain herself at all.

As she got older and older, she realized how much she was truly different from those around her. All the sciences and maths came easier to her, she found them fun even. Her teachers would praise her and encourage her to do independent projects, but this encouragement was conditional and contradictory. They only wanted her to do things by the books, but that was a waste of time for her. She knew how her mind worked, she had picked it away years ago as she did with everything, and knew that following rules would just slow her down. That meant sometimes things would end in flames, but that just showed her how to not do something and she could move onto the next idea far faster than all the procedures they wanted her to go through would. After a point, even they fell back into that pattern she had come to know so well with her parents.

Her peers were even worse, they constantly found something wrong with her. Always saying things like her clothes didn't match and were ugly, even though she was just wearing her favorite colors and the patterns she found interesting. Saying that her voice was grating and that she spoke too fast, but she was just speaking how she always did. Saying that she'd look prettier if she let her hair down, not considering that it would get caught in moving parts. Asking why she only talked about her experiments and tech and why didn't she talk about normal things, but those things were normal to her. Even when she tried to fit in, they always found something about her that was too weird, too awkward, too offputting.

So she gave up. If people are going to stare and whisper about her anyways, then fine, let them- hell, she'd give them something to stare at, something to talk about. She would be weird and quirky and too much and too little and everything everyone told her to hide about herself. Since no one would accept her regardless of what she did, she would be true to her nature, accepting herself. Trying to be someone else never really appealed to her anyways.

While she was able to be happier, this course of action didn't fair well with her wallet. Once she graduated, she ended up a drifter. She tried college, but most of her professors had been just like her high school teachers and she butted heads with them too much that she ended up

dropping out. There were a few she stayed in contact with to bounce ideas off each other, but she and they both knew she wouldn't be a good fit for a teacher's aid or lab assistant. She was too outlandish and didn't play nice enough for Foresight Foundation to even consider hiring her. She couldn't move back home either, the thought of having to walk on eggshells with her parents again made her stomach drop. She didn't have a group of friends to dorm with, so that wasn't an option. Even selling her inventions for patents didn't work considering none of them had undergone "proper" testing. She had been at the end of her rope, running out of money and out of couches to hop when Ignis had approached her.

He had offered her a place to stay, which she immediately accepted. She knew there had to be a catch, but she didn't have much of a choice for the matter if she wanted to stay off the streets. He had explained that he was the captain of Burning Rescue and he had said that he heard of her through one of her professors who had recommended her to him, saying that she was bright and fast on her feet. He went on to say that he thought she might be a good fit for the team and that if she was interested he would consider hiring her. But even if she wasn't, she was welcome to stay at the station. She didn't think twice about taking him up on the job offer, she couldn't freeload forever.

Ignis had held the interview that day, but it was more of a tour than anything else. He brought her to the station and explained their situation. At the time, they did not have a station mechanic or driver. For repairs, they had to go through the city and try to get someone commissioned to come out. For driving, they had to take someone off the rescue team to do it, leaving them short-staffed. He had told her that it would be a competitive job and only the best would make the cut but somehow, Lucia knew that he had always intended to hire her. While on paper she was more than qualified to be a mechanic, her teamwork was rusty at best. What he had seen in her, she couldn't say.

It only took a few days of working with Burning Rescue to know she had found her family. Ignis had a soft spot for her and in turn, she had a soft spot for him. He had taken her in when she didn't belong anywhere else, taken a chance on her when he knew next to nothing about her. For the first time, she could look up to someone older than her and actually respect him. Remi immediately took a liking to her, without words she knew that he had gone through something similar to her. He had sat behind her and watched her work and after a while nodded, saying that he was glad to finally have a competent mechanic. Varys had slapped her on the back when he first met her welcomed her to the team, saying that she must be a damn fine mechanic for Ignis to pick her out. At first, she had thought he was making fun of her so she snapped back defeating herself. Varys had simply laughed and said that she was feisty and had a fire, and that it was good and would serve her well on the job. He continued to say it's good to have pride in your work, and if she thought she knew she was good enough, then hell she was good enough for him to put his life in her hands. Aina had sat next to her during her break, saying it was nice to have another girl on the team. She was shrunk away at that, thinking Aina was just like those girls in high school who wanted her to be cookie-cutter perfect. Aina had noticed that and went on to tell her to not worry, that they all were a little weird here and that it didn't matter where she came from- that she was one of them now and that's what matters. Lucia hadn't quite known what to think of the encounter, if Aina was just saying that to say that, until the next day. Aina came in struggling to carry a large box, saying it was for her. She peeked in, it was full of some of that latest scanners and tools. She cheerily told her that she thought it might help her out since the station only had the old stuff. She had

been confused, asking why she would do that for her, which Aina smiled at and said that they had to take care of each other. After that, she always took her lunch with Aina, finding out that it was a show and was just who she was to care about others. When they talked, she always paid attention to even the littlest details and never made fun of her or laughed at her. Even though their interest didn't quite match up, she found that in turn, she didn't mind listening to Aina either- that she was just nice to be around. She fell into a routine with all of them and grew more comfortable with them than she had even been around other people.

And then there came Galo. She had never meant someone who could keep up with her train of thought, which she could admit was missing more than a few tracks at times, and throw it back at her with the same enthusiasm that she had. He didn't have the mind for the interstices of her tech, but he had the raw ideas and was always willing to be a guinea pig. Even after more than a few had blown up in his face, he came back time and time again. He was just as weird as she was, abet in different ways, and that made her comfortable with him. He never turned himself down and was honest to a fault, he was transparent in that he put his whole self out there. She could respect that, even if he could be a little too much for the others at times. It was fun being over the top and letting loose with him, playing off each other again and again not sparing a thought for what other people think.

For the first time in her life, people made her happy. Sure, she could retreat into her tech when things got too much but they were always there for her. She wasn't afraid or defensive to act like herself anymore. She could just be Lucia, in all her quirks and weirdness, without a care in the world.

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